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be a loss to somebody, although we hope it may be otherwise. Providence is a great place for musical people to stay away from, although we must do those present the justice to say, that they enjoyed the concerts with a keen appreciation, which they expressed warmly and enthusiastically.

The result to New England is important. After the first concert, a proposition was telegraphed to the various Singing Societies of New England, to form a general Saengerbund, for the purpose of giving united Saengerfests in the various cities of the several States every other year. The proposition will, no doubt, be accepted, and thus another great musical institution will be added to those already existing in America. We cordially wish them brotherly unanimity and success.

OPERATIC WOES.

Every season of Italian Opera in London, at Gye's house, is marked by an *emeute* between Gye and some of his multifarious *prime donne*, who imagine just cause of war from his conduct toward them in respect to assignment of prominent roles and those choice ones that are favorites with a London public. If he finds himself embarrassed with *prime donne* who do not draw, they are "shelved," and usually bounce away, though paid as usual.

The latest case of that unpleasant kind, occurred with Mlle. Orgeni, who claimed high rank, and, in Chorley's opinion, really deserved all the rank she claimed at Gye's opera. She made a brilliant *debut* there, was enthusiastically praised by such exigent critics as Chorley, and for a brief period floated gaily upon popular favor. But Vilda came, and was preferred by Gye to Orgeni, in employment, and Orgeni, after being shelved for a time, longer than she found pleasant to her artistic pride, suddenly quitted Gye's opera and returned to Berlin.

Chorley, upon that movement, composed a fierce denunciation of Gye's policy in such matters.

Mrs. MARY GLADSTONE.—This charming actress has returned from an extended tour in England, and will resume her starring tour immediately, commencing probably in Montreal. Mrs. Gladstone, beside being an elegant and beautiful woman, is an actress of rare and varied ability. She cannot, it is true, be classed as an out-and-out sensational actress, but she arrives at the same end of delighting and entrancing her audiences, by the purity of her style, the dignity of her bearing, and the impassioned earnestness of her manner. We hope that she will be able to play an engagement in New York next winter. Mr. F. Widows, who is very able and popular, will be her business agent.

SO MY LADY RIDES IN HER CARRIAGE.

A LIFE INCIDENT.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

1.

So! my lady rides in her carriage,
And flaunts it laughingly by;
There's a sneer on her bow-like exquisite lip,
And a scorn in her steel-blue eye.
The wavy flow of her auburn hair,
Like snakes on Medusa's head,
Is the tangled mesh of the Syren's snare,
To strangle the captive dead.

2.

As my lady rides in her carriage,
In her silks, and her laces, and gold,
You would hardly think, as she passes me by,
That our love was but two years old!
That two years ago, she lay in my arms,
And nestled her face in my breast,
As though in this varied and beautiful world
There was no other place of rest.

3.

As my lady rides in her carriage
In her silks, and laces, and gold,
While I plod along, on the crowded walk,
In clothes so shabby and old:
You would hardly think that my lady
Was my pledged and willing bride,
And that she was as poor as the poorest girl,
That now tramps along by my side.

4.

Yet all this is true: and I wonder
At the gulf between us now,
For I thought the snow on the mountain's top,
Was not more pure than her brow
And her heart—But I woke from the dream,
To a blank of passionate strife,
That wrecked ambition—broke my heart,
And blotted out hope from my life!

5.

The story is not very new—
We both were young and poor,
There was hardly enough in our scanty purse
To keep the wolf from the door:
But she was supremely beautiful,
And I had undaunted will,
And I fought my battle against the world,
With faith in conquering still.

6.

And I carved my upward way,
Till my name stood well before men,
And I wrote the words, that the world believed,
For my heart was in my pen.
For I worked for her alone.—
And I stood one day by her side—
Placing a purse of gold in her hand,
I asked her for my bride!

7.

I have said that she was fair—
Oh God! that is not all—
She was fair as Eve, the mother of men,
When the Devil wrought her fall.
She proved false as the shifting sand,
False as the treacherous sea,
And throwing the hard-earned gold at my feet,
She laugh'd outright at me.

8.

I had toiled by night and by day,
I had wearied both heart and brain,
To win that wealth, to make a home,
For my loved Madelaine.
And there it lay on the floor!
Useless to her or to me,
For the bitter words came from her mouth—
"It cannot—cannot be!"

9.

"I was young when first we met,
I knew nothing of the world,
I thought that to love was all in all."—
And here her proud lips curled!—
"But I've learned the lesson of life,
I've tasted the curse of the poor,
And I value the countless blessings which spring
From that shining dross on the floor!"

10.

"My beauty must match with gold—
Not doled out for work of the brain;
There's not a mine in the golden land
But my boundless pride could drain!
I would rather be Satan's bride—
With untold wealth to spend,
Than be the wife of a toiling man—
So—let this folly end!"

11.

I know not how I left,
For my heart forgot to beat.
I think I neither looked nor spoke,
But groped my way to the street—
And found my cheerless home—
And laid me down on my bed,
From which I rose up a living man—
With every passion dead!

12.

I've striven to rise once more,
But all in vain I've tried,
With the cause which urged me so to work,
My energies have died:
My life was bound by that one thought
I lived for it alone!
The idol is defiled—the hope
For which I worked—is gone!

13.

Still, my lady rides in her carriage,
And I foot it along by her side:
I, a hopeless, purposeless man—
And my lady—no man's bride!
As I see her, my old love awakens,
And I say, with a heartfelt prayer,
"May the merciful God, who is good to us all
Blot out her record here!"

BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS, by the author of "John Halifax Gentleman." Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

This little blue and gold volume contains all of Miss Muloch's poetical work, up to the date of this publication. The poems written since 1860 will be found at the end of the work. They are neither large nor important, but they contain some beautiful thoughts felicitously expressed.

Miss Muloch is not a great poet; her muse is not attuned to the epic pitch; she is but the interpreter of woman's heart in its moments of joy or grief, of passionate love or tender remem-

branches. She feels strongly and thinks strongly where the heart is concerned; she is pure-minded, humble, yet firm in faith, and possesses unbounded wealth of womanly tenderness, sympathy, and sentiment. Miss Muloch's tone of mind is healthy and honest; it is not of that yearning, desolate school, which lady writers generally affect, for although occasionally she views facts through a sentimental medium, her true, honest nature never descends into mere sentimentation. She is very earnest in her expressions, and many bursts of feverish passion would seem to prove that the metal has been through the fire, but the ordeal has served to purify and exalt.

Many of Miss Muloch's early poems achieved a world-wide popularity. Her poems, "Philip my King," "Too Late," "Lettice," "Passion Past," and many others, were quoted in most of the English and American journals, and won for her an enviable reputation as a poet, as she had already gained as a prose writer. Miss Muloch's muse is not prolific; she is a poet of occasions and sudden feelings, and not a poet per force of irresistible outspeaking. Since 1860 she has written but two dozen poems, none of which are of much length, but all of them bearing the impress of a warm heart and cultivated intellect, and a rare refinement of sentiment. This volume of the collected poems of Miss Muloch, contains so many gems of thought and lyrics so rounded and beautiful, that no library of contemporary poets can be considered complete without it.

We quote at random from the volume, two charming poems written by Miss Muloch since 1860:

FALLEN IN THE NIGHT.

It dressed itself in green leaves all the summer long,
Was full of chattering starlings, loud with throats' song.
Children played beneath it, lovers sat and talked,
Solitary strollers looked up as they walked.
O, so fresh its branches! and its old trunk gray
Was so stately rooted, who forbode decay?
Even when winds had blown it yellow and almost bare,
Softly dropped its chestnuts through the misty air;
Still its few leaves rustled with a faint delight,
And their tender colors charmed the sense of sight,
Filled the soul with beauty, and the heart with peace,
Like sweet sounds departing—sweetest when they cease.

Pelting, undermining, loosening, came the rain;
Through its topmost branches roared the hurricane;
Oft it strained and shivered till the night wore past;
But in dusky daylight there the tree stood fast,
Though its birds had left it, and its leaves were dead,
And its blossoms faded, and its fruit all shed.

Ay, and when last sunset came a wanderer by,
Watched it as aforetime with a musing eye,
Still it wore its scant robes so pathetic gay,
Caught the sun's last glimmer, the new moon's first ray;

And majestic, patient, stood amidst its peers
Waiting for the spring-time of uncounted years.

But the worm was busy, and the days were run;
Of its hundred sunsets this was the last one;
So in quiet midnight, with no eye to see,
None to harm in falling, fell the noble tree!

Says the early laborer, starting at the sight
With a sleepy wonder; "Fallen in the night!"
Says the schoolboy, leaping in a wild delight
Over trunk and branches, "Fallen in the night!"

O thou Tree, thou glory of His hand who made
Nothing ever vainly, thou hast Him obeyed!
Lived thy life, and perished when and how He willed;—

Be all lamentation and all murmurs stilled.
To our last hour live we—fruitful, brave, upright,
'T will be a good ending, "Fallen in the night!"

YEAR AFTER YEAR:

A LOVE SONG.

Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow,
Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,
Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we were.

Year after year, as sure as birds' returning,
Or field-flowers' blossoming above the wintry mould;

Year after year, in work, or mirth, or mourning,
Love we with love's own youth, that never can grow old.

Sweetheart and lady-love, queen of boyish passion,
Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun;

Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different fashion,
Yet loved supremely, solely, as we never love but one.

Dearest, and bonniest! though blanched those curling tresses,
Though loose clings the wedding-ring to that thin hand of thine,—
Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses!
Sweetest of all lips the lips long since kissed mine!

So let the world go round with all its sighs and sinning,
Its mad shout o'er fancied bliss, its howl o'er pleasures past:

That which it calls love's end to us was love's beginning:—

I clasp my arms about thy neck and love thee to the last."

(From the New York Tribune.)

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

The forty-first exhibition of the Academy is almost over. We only record the general verdict when we write that, for several years, there has been no exhibition to which the public had so good a right to be indifferent as the one which will close on the morning of the Fourth of July. "Indifferent"—that word expresses exactly the popular feeling. The collection has not been so positively bad as to excite indignation or disgust; it has not so ministered, as so often in times past, to the popular sense of the ridiculous, and kept the newspaper writers bantering, and the public laughing; and on the other hand, there has been no half-dozen of pictures—no single pictures, even—whose strength of execution, or depth of purpose, or youthful promise has drawn all eyes and made shortcomings, and offences forgotten. We shall,

perhaps, find it worth while to mention a half-dozen canvasses which prevent us from crying "all is barren;" but we do not think there are more than three which can be called "excellent." At the very start we will name those that seem to us to deserve this praise, and we have little doubt that our verdict will be that of the majority of those who have gone carefully over the whole collection, and have been as unbiased in their judgment by any personal consideration as we have been.

These three pictures are—Mr. Well's "Gun Foundry," Eastman Johnson's "Fiddling his Way," and Mr. Homer's "Prisoners from the Front." We should like to see these pictures in the great French Exhibition of 1867.

At the first blush the Exhibition seemed to us superior, in some respects, to its immediate predecessors. It certainly was pleasant to go from room to room and not once be reminded of certain painters whose works have never before been so conspicuously absent—painters who, though happily few in number, have somehow given an air of vulgarity to every exhibition of which they have formed a part. We do not need to mention their names. We should, indeed, be glad if they would never give us occasion to speak of them again. We should be glad if they could, evermore, act as if fully convinced that their day has gone by; that, although they, doubtless, have admirers left, yet they are not of a class to make a man proud of their applause; that the cultured American public has quite outgrown them; and that, henceforth, they must be content with the laurels that the public gave them in its saled days when it was green in judgment; for they will never get another twig, nor even a leaf or berry.

And the absence of painters, if not of greater pretension, at least of pretension more widely acknowledged, is also no detriment in our eye to the exhibition. We breathed a little freer when we found ourselves in a gallery that had not surrendered its best positions to travesties of history, or to caricatures of our sublimest scenery. The reason for this deliverance is still obscure, but it may be hoped, we understand, that it is permanent, and that we have seen the last of the melodramatists, as of the mountebanks.

Still, we confess, with pain, that this is merely negative satisfaction. These disagreeables are, indeed, removed, or have removed themselves; but we look in vain for better things to take their places. Whatever cause may have operated in their case to rid us of what we are glad to lose, some cause has also operated with others whom the public cannot so well afford to miss. There are Vedder, and La Farge, and C. C. Coleman, and Griswold; and there are Farrer, and Moore; and the Hills. All these are absent, or have sent works that in no way represent them. There seems, on all sides, a lack of interest, a lack of ambition; there is an apparent disaffection that looks almost like a wish to injure.

We shall not be suspected of any undue partiality for the Academy, if we say that we regret the attitude, which so many men of importance have taken toward it of late. We know very well that it was to be expected; we will believe that the Academy, as an institution, has won little affection; but then, it is after all only an institution, and capable of a certain amount of usefulness, and it seems to us that it would have been wise to have striven to remodel rather than to destroy; wiser to have tried to seize, than to have